To take on me the holy Croſſe of Chriſt,
And carry Armes in holy Chriſtian warres.
Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and diſſembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curſt without redemption.
Ioh. Accurſt indeed to kneele to ſuch a drudge,
And get no helpe with my ſubmiſſion,
Vnſheath thy ſword and ſlay the miſprowd Prieſt
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, ſubmit againe, diſſemble yet,
For Prieſts and Women muſt be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy ſelfe doſt know,
No time too late for ſinners to repent,
Abſolue me then, and *Iohn* doth ſweare to doe
The vttermoſt what euer thou demandſt.
Pand. Iohn, now I ſee thy hearty penitence,
I rue and pitty thy diſtreſt eſtate,
One way is left to reconcile thy ſelfe,
And onely one which I ſhall ſhew to thee.
Thou muſt ſurrender to the ſea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then ſhall the Pope
Defend thee from th'inuaſion of thy foes.
And where his Holineſſe hath kindled France,
And ſet thy ſubiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then ſhall he curſe thy foes, and beate them downe,
That ſeeke the diſcontentment of the King.
Ioh. From bad to worſe, or I muſt looſe my Realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome*:
A miſery more piercing then the darts
That breake from burning exhaltations power.
What, ſhall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, there is deſcried on the co
Kent an hundred Sayle of Shippes, which of all
thought to be the French fleet, vnder the conduct
Dolphin, ſo that it puts the country in a mutiny, ſ
ſend to your Grace for ſuccour.
K. Ioh. How now Lord Cardinall, what's your be
Theſe mutinies muſt be allaid in time,
By policy or headſtrong rage at leaſt.
O *Iohn*, theſe troubles tyre thy wearied ſoule,
And like to *Luna* in a ſad Eclipſe,
So are thy thoughts and paſſions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued ſo,
The vulgar ſort worke Princes ouerthrow.
Card. K. *Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This ſtrange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing ſhall be grieuous to thy ſtate.
Ioh. Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou haſt decreed,
Iohn will not ſpurne againſt thy ſound aduiſe,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme ſhall flouriſh, and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Eſſex, Cheſter, Bew-champe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now ſweet *S. Edmund*, holy Saint in heauen
Whoſe Shrine is ſacred, high eſteem'd on earth,
Infuſe a conſtant zeale in all our hearts,
To proſecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* ſay, what friends haue you procur'd?
Bewch. The L. *Fitz-Water*, L. *Percy*, and L. *Roſſe*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.
Eſſex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,